

The Latin School Register

1635
month 20
day 13th

*Likewise y was then gen^{ally} agreed
vpon y^t o^r brother, Philemon Pormont,
shalbe intreated to become Schole-
master, for y^e teaching & nourter-
ing of children wth vs.*

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Latin School Register.

VOL. XV

BOSTON, MARCH, 1896.

No. 7

CLASS POEM.

The scholar? Yes, the scholar, we know him :
That form with sunken cheeks and hollow eyes,
The shoulders stooping over sickly chest,
The impending brow, but faded countenance,
Who thinks and dreams his bookworm life
away,

Toiling in silence in his living grave,
The while the world goes unobservant by
Unservicing and unserved. The rather, then,
Enter the world; forsake the cloister's shade!
Act among men, and act so men shall say
The world is better for your having been.
Not in seclusion and inglorious ease
Squander your hours upon your ponderous
tomes

That are forgotten and deserve to be.
The live world profits nothing from your toil,
And only knows your name upon your tomb.

The scholar? O, the scholar? Is *that* he?
Turn thou the pages of the living book
Whose title Time, whose author Infinite.
Read of the scholars there, consider well
Whether the world reaps nothing from their
toil.

I.

Turn to the opening pages of that book :
Before you see the Orient, where the Nile
Throws her vast volume on the inland sea.
Upon the numerous isles about her mouth
Rises the royal Alexandria ;
Her thousand domes and temples in the sun
Betray her majesty. And in her marts
Courses our student. On the low sea-sand
Restless he paces on ; or in the shade
The sterile dunes throw scantily in the glare,
Seated, he with his mantle shades his eyes
And gazes out upon that blue expanse
Whose hither boundary is at his feet,
Whose farther is invisible. He thinks,
He ponders and he studies ; and his brain
Works in her own recesses all her power.

Far in the trembling atmosphere above,
The blue expanse before him, he constructs
His airy figures and extends his line
Beyond his vision ; and infinity
Is measured by his art. — And think you now
The world gained naught when the Alexandrine Greek

Taught it his art and measured infinity?
And is geometry an empty dream?
Would you dispense with Euclid and his
work?

II.

Open that brighter page — that brightest page
Of Attica's immortal history.
There on the mound of monumental rock,
In Athens' famous wall there was enthroned
Amid a thousand temples, tombs, and shrines,
The marble monuments of symmetry.
Above the green and fertile Attic plain,
Above the olive's silvered foliage
That stately mansion rose ; and, 'neath its
roof,

Surrounded by a gleaming peristyle,
Athene, goddess pure, in splendor sat, —
Her ivory features on her snow white neck
Rising in native dignity above
The flowing robe of lustrous yellow gold —
Cryselephantine grace and majesty.
And would the world be willing to dismiss
The student's name who wrought the Parthenon?

And all the decorations and the art
That graced the glorious age of Pericles?
Among the brightest names upon her page
Athene writes the name of Phidias

III.

Another follower of the sculptor's art,
Another scholar graced the Attic land.
He was a student of astronomy,
Geometry, and all the leading thought
Of his great nation, and combined with this
Heroic firmness, piety, and truth.

He sacrificed his life to an idea :
 Your busy world has suffered many a war,
 And boasted of it — for a principle.
 His the proud heart and mind self-confident :
 And all your stolid world will shudder still
 When they the death of Socrates recall :
 The rock-hewn prison, dark and dewy cold,
 The faithful friends, who counselled his escape,
 But that he would not; and his fleeting days
 He spent in conversation on his soul
 And its immortal life, and free of heart
 And firm of hand, even with a smile of joy,
 He drained the hemlock cup that freed his
 soul.

IV.

But we have lingered long in bygone days.
 Turn to the sunny land of Italy.
 Another student there, whose works the world
 Would ill afford to lose, a Florentine.
 The busy streets of Pisa's mart were hushed
 In Sabbath quiet. And the orb of day
 Glared in the dusty ways and slanted through
 The open windows of that temple fair
 Beside whose walls there leaned the airy
 tower.
 There in the church the student stood and
 slow
 Lifted his radiant face and gazed aloft
 Far through the sun-streaked hollow of the
 dome.
 Backward and forward swayed the chandelier
 Trembling and shivering from the organ peal
 And swell of many voices from below.
 His active mind was roused. The pendulum
 Was thus discovered and your busy world
 Might measure all her minutes as they passed.
 Then through the magic telescope, his own
 Invention, o'er the starry heaven he gazed
 And pondered sleepless nights. He saw the
 moon
 Reflected her pale light and borrowed it
 From the great sun : the hazy milky way
 He saw was merely myriad multitudes
 Of tiny stars. O, ever-moving world !
 'Twas he who first did dare to say, "It
 moves."
 Though old and blind and sick, a prisoner,
 He spent his lingering life in study still.
 And is it only on his mouldering tomb
 The great world hears of Galileo's name ?

V.

And still another, from a northern clime,
 A fair-haired Saxon, came to visit him.
 He, too, a student; sweet and pure his face
 As ever woman had — yet dignified,
 "The Lady of Christ's College." Many an
 hour

When midnight crept across the sleepy sky,
 He pondered o'er the lore of classic time.
 And when his country, under tyrant yoke,
 Called for her bravest and her truest sons,
 His was the foremost hand of succor given, —
 Nor weak nor feeble — of a might that tore
 A sceptre from a traitrous, lying king,
 Nor feared to smite when smite it must. And
 then

A patriot's studies left him blind and old ;
 He sought seclusion in a quiet cell
 And taught the world, as never 'twas before,
 "Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought death into the world and all our woe."
 And says the world the student only sleeps ?
 Surely that sleep — the sleep of sightless
 eyes —
 Could never be declared inglorious.

VI.

Under the self-same clouded English skies,
 And from the self-same college on the Cam,
 In the same century, a student lived
 Whom all the world respected and admired.
 With labor infinite and toil and thought
 He studied through his early college days.
 'Twas in his early manhood, at his home
 And in his garden. All around him bloomed
 The rich and verdant summer foliage.
 Along his garden walks on stately stalk
 Nodded the slumbrous poppy. O'er his head,
 Twisting its gnarled and blackened branches
 out
 Spread the great apple tree; and from its
 leaves
 Sparkled and blushed the fragrant fruit and
 swung,
 Tossed in the wind which kissed each glow-
 ing cheek,
 Distilling sweetness in each pearly core.
 And when a brisker breeze swept by, and bent
 The swaying branches, then the ruddy fruit

Would fall upon the matted grass and make
Musical murmur in the rustling leaves.
And he with drowsy eyes beheld them fall.
Drowsy his eyes, but at that instant fell
A seed of thought into his teeming brain,
Which grew and multiplied a hundred fold,
And gravitation's wondrous law was found.
Now would the wise world wasted call his
work,
And look with scorn on Isaac Newton's name ?

VIL.

O thou new world ! The land of liberty
And hope and promise ! Truly was it said
" Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers are all
with thee."
Nor hast thou been a sluggard in the race
Of sure advance — for in thy history
We read the names of students great and
good.
He was a student that discovered thee ! —
When thou wert wild, and forests hoar and
old
Were over thy fair surface, and thy seas
Were never cut by keel. The red man then
Roamed o'er thy virgin solitudes as wild
As free as grand as glorious as himself.
And when the tropic breezes of the south
Swayed thy green mosses and inclined thy
palms,
And loaded all the air with fragrance, then
That self-same tropic breeze in the older
world
Entered his open window and bestirred
The thin white locks about his temples loose.
And stirred the papers, maps and parchment
scrolls
About his study. And that very wind
Drove his rebellious caravels afar
Across the sea of darkness. And he gave
To both Castile and Leon a new world.

VIII.

O Land of Liberty, his name the first
Described in letters bold on that great writ
That first announced thy birth : and through
the war
That placed the crown of stars upon thy brow,
John Hancock toiled for thee. Nor ended
there
His labors for thy welfare. O our state,

His was a guiding hand and governing mind
When thy first laws were framed. And O our
school,

He is *thy* son. O Alma Mater dear,
'Twas at thy knee he learned those precepts
pure
That ruled his after days and made him
strong.

Under *thy* care he started his young life
And from *thy* fostering doors with loth fare-
well

And fond regret withdrew, as we do now.

Such are the great world's scholars — such
their lives.

Such are our predecessors, schoolmates dear,
Such are the lives before *us*, if we choose
To make them such : and sweet shall be the
voice

Of Alma Mater when she cries, " Well done ?
Thou good and faithful servant, — Aye, well
done !

The world *is* better for your having been."
The wide gate stands ajar. One little space
And then the hour will come when we shall go
And sow our seed, — then, with a joyous song,
Gather the glorious harvest that is ours.

CLASS ORATION.

Ladies and Gentlemen — The Boston Latin School and especially the graduating class bid you welcome to this joint observance of Washington's Birthday and of the class day of '96. It is a custom of long standing in the school to unite in one celebration the exercises befitting these two ends, and, as all must agree, it is a custom of great propriety. We who are so soon to leave these walls, lay aside to-day our routine duties, to look back as a class over the many happy days and years which we have spent together here. But we also look forward to the college life so close at hand, and, beyond that, to the larger life for which all these, our studies, are but the training. And it is very fit that, in the midst of these memories and anticipations, we should spend a little time in contemplation of the lessons of that great life whose beginning we commemorate to-day. For where may we better turn for an

example of all the virtues of fine manhood and true patriotism than to the life of our first great American, George Washington!

The century which has passed away since the Farewell Address was issued to the people of this nation has been full of prosperity. Never, elsewhere, in any century, has the world seen such progress in material welfare. But with this advance, this multiplication of opportunity and resource, have come greater responsibilities and graver problems than our forefathers were called to solve. Even we can see this. We, standing at the doorway between boyhood and man's estate, look out and see and now begin to realize the seriousness of the world. How shall we learn to face it? How better than by a study of the character of Washington. We see too plainly that, in these days, when so many men are bowed down before the idolatrous shrine of personal gain, deceit and false dealing have grown to be very common. Shall we allow ourselves to share in them? Shall we not rather, adopt for our part the candor and truthfulness which are eternally to be associated with the name of our first President!

It might have been noticed lately, when a rumor of war passed over the land, that the first and loudest opposition was based, not upon a consideration of right and wrong, but upon a question of the way the war would affect the financial situation. Let us learn from Washington that blood shed in an unrighteous cause is crime, and that national honor is to be placed above and before the possibility of depreciation in the stock market.

We know that in many places throughout the land, unscrupulous men have seized upon our political organization and have turned it into a machine for carrying them on in life's race beyond their own deserts and at their neighbors' expense. We find that they have done this, not by force of numbers, of great ability, of commanding character, but through the indifference of the great body of our citizens. We have learned that these last will at times bestir themselves to a purification of the government's affairs, but that for the greater part they soon relapse into their former state of indifference, leaving to a few, undaunted and

endowed with noble zeal, the attempt to compel the observance of the law. Let us, in imitation of him whose memory we cherish to-day, make ours the fearless determination, the perseverance in the face of malicious ridicule, which are so badly needed in politics of to-day!

Let us seek to cultivate in ourselves that calmness of judgment, that exalted love of country, and that noble self-respect which we have seen in him!

Classmates, we are soon to leave these walls behind as we go forward in life's journey. The period of our greatest development, of mind as well as of body, has been spent here. The lessons we have learned are to go with us not only to the approaching examinations but to the very end of our existence. How much, then, shall we thank the teachers at whose hands we have received such priceless gifts! How sorrowfully must we always think upon the opportunities which we have neglected. How many times we shall lament that we have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and that we have done those things which we ought not to have done. Let us resolve, as we gather here to-day, to strive more earnestly henceforth, to apply ourselves with diligence to every task, however mean and common, to scorn no duty, however trivial!

We look back upon the records of this school; honorable records extending to the very beginning of this town. We find in them great names; names that shine brilliantly from the records of our national existence, names of men like Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Edward Everett, Charles Sumner, Phillips Brooks! What is the meaning of these names? They are more than mere empty words. They point to lives of earnest usefulness, of constant labor, of patience in adversity, of love of God and man!

A little while and our names, too, shall be placed upon these records. Classmates, shall those who follow us look back, and for our sakes, as we for these men who have gone before us, make known with pride their share and interest in this dear old school? It is for us to choose.

Friends, Alumni, all you who by your presence here to-day show your interest in our work, we greet you again, and in parting beseech your aid and blessing, as we come onward to take our places in life's ranks, by your side.

CLARENCE B. SAWYER, '96.

ATHLETICS.

"Mens Sana in corpore sano."

Our first annual set of Indoor Games was held on February 29. Those present enjoyed some very interesting contests. These games were entered into as an experiment, and the result promised so much that a school meet will be held every year.

The third class carried away the honors, beating '97 by one point. Out of their twenty-four points, Tom Maguire won twenty, and ran on the winning side in the team race.

The results were as follows:

Thirty-yard dash—First heat, E. B. Jordan, '99, 4 1-5 seconds; second heat, J. J. Curran, '96, 4 1-5 seconds; third heat, T. H. Maguire, '98, 4 seconds; fourth heat, E. Murphy, Jr., 4 2-5 seconds; final heat, T. H. Maguire, '98, E. B. Jordan, E. Murphy, Jr., 4 1-5 seconds.

One thousand-yard run—A. W. Lincoln, '97; E. N. Crawford, '97; T. H. Reed, '97; 2 minutes, 52 2-5 seconds.

Running high jump—S. H. Bush, '96; S. M. Whalen, '97; G. O. Clark, '97, 5 ft., 1 1-2 in.

Half-mile walk—F. E. Mallet, O. C.; W. M. Duffield, '98; J. C. Wolff, '99; 3 minutes, 44 1-5 seconds.

Thirty-five-yard hurdles—First heat, E. N. Crawford, '97, F. R. Mahoney, '97, 5 3-5 seconds; second heat, T. H. Maguire, '98, C. D. Daly, '99, 5 3-5 seconds; heat for second men, C. D. Daly, '99, 5 3-5 seconds; final heat, T. H. Maguire, '98, C. D. Daly, '99, E. N. Crawford, '97, 5 1-5 seconds.

Three hundred-yard dash—First heat, F. R. Mahoney, '97, E. E. Davidson, '96, A. Freeman, '00, 48 3-5 seconds; second heat, tie between T. H. Maguire, '98, and C. D. Daly, '99, J. M. Gray, '98, 47 3-5 seconds; final heat, T. H. Maguire, '98, C. D. Daly, '99; E. E. Davidson, '96, 46 2-5 seconds.

Pole vault—T. H. Maguire, '98, F. E. Mallett, O. C., L. H. Bonelli, '97, 8 ft., 4 in.

Six hundred-yard run—A. W. Lincoln, '97, E. N. Crawford, '97, H. A. Noone, '98, 1 minute, 40 2-5 seconds.

Shot put—G. V. Kesselhuth, O. C., F. E. Mallett, O. C.; J. J. Curran, '96, 31 ft., 8 1-2 in.

Team race—Won by Second Battalion, J. M. Gray, F. R. Mahoney, T. H. Maguire, A. W. Lincoln; First Battalion, L. H. Bonelli, C. D. Daly, E. N. Crawford, E. E. Davidson, 4 minutes, 21 seconds.

	'98	'97	O.C.	'96	'99
30 yard dash	5	—	1	—	3
300 " "	—	9	—	—	—
600 " run	5	1	—	—	3
1000 " "	5	—	—	1	3
35 yard hurdles	5	1	3	—	—
Pole vault	—	4	—	5	—
High jump	3	—	5	—	1
1-2 mile walk	1	8	—	—	—
Shot put	—	—	8	1	—
	24	23	17	7	10

Officials: T. E. Burke, N. Y. A. C., referee. Judges at finish, M. J. Cuniff, H. A. A.; L. A. O'Toole, E. H. S.; H. W. Smith, B. L. S. Starter, I. S. Clark, N. A. A. Judge of walking, C. D. Drew, H. A. A. Timer, J. S. Lathrop, H. A. A. Clerk of course, W. H. Vincent, H. A. A. Assistant clerk, C. C. Miller, B. L. S. Scorer, H. C. Jones. Announcer, H. Pennypacker.

Newton High School is the school whose team we are to beat next Saturday.

No boy in the school should miss the Inter-scholastic Meet on March 21, 2 P. M., at Mechanics hall. Some points are pretty sure to go down to our credit.

The entries are: 40-yard dash, Maguire, Daly, Smith; 300-yard dash, Maguire, Daly, Ham; 600-yard run, Bush, Crawford, Lincoln; 1000-yard run, Lincoln; 35-yard hurdles, Maguire, Daly; high jump, Bush, Wood; 1-2 mile walk, Mallett, Duffield; shot put, Kesselhuth.

THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

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 C. S. OAKMAN, - - LITERARY EDITOR
 E. E. DAVIDSON, - MILITARY EDITOR
 H. W. SMITH, - - - SPORTING EDITOR

C. C. MILLER, BUSINESS MANAGER

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MARCH, 1896.

"CLASSICAL quotation," says Johnson, "is the *parole* of literary men all over the world." So he remarked in 1781, but it is no longer 1781. The world is constantly changing, and its change has nowhere had wider effect than in the school-room.

We are pupils of a classical school, a "Latin school," with the avowed purpose of entering college. When we first enter college doors we *must* study perhaps two required courses; all the other studies rest upon our own choice. It is well for us to consider now what we study and why we study. Our studies are matters which affect us personally. They may be the making of our lives.

We are pupils of a classical school. From the very first year we must study Latin. Four years must be given to Greek. Why we study the classics has been disputed by many a brain more matured than ours, yet we would like and may sometime have an opportunity to have a few remarks in this column on the much-battled question. However, the college requires Latin and Greek; so let us get Latin and Greek. But to get Latin and Greek does not mean that we get nothing else. It is a great merit of our school that there is much for us in the branch of knowledge known to us as modern studies. First in the list of studies for the whole six years is the all-important English. Five years of History are open to us, American, English and Ancient History. Of elementary Geography we have much; of physical and astronomical Geography and Botany, and finally of Physics we get a taste. Mathematics follows us through the

entire course. But of these we will not treat at present. What we wish especially to notice is the study of modern languages.

For three years we have much to do with "French or German," says the catalogue — "which interpreted signifies" French, for German is ignored. During the graduating year, a student, if he is willing to give up his advanced Latin, may take German. The only language for the body of our scholars is French; yet the college accepts either at the entrance examinations. The list of text-books authorized by the school committee contains twenty two German books. Of these our scholars may use only two.

It is unfortunate that more cannot be made of German without slighting French, for there are many evidences that German is fast equaling if not surpassing French in value as a modern language. In the college the German courses are multiplied and the staff of instructors increased. At Harvard there are more courses in German than in French. Not long ago this motion was felt in our preparatory schools. At our sister school a move was made in behalf of German, and it was given as an optional substitute for Greek. Last year's German class in our own school numbered thirteen; this year there are eighteen. It is to be hoped that the constant progress in our school will soon place German on an equal footing with French.

PERHAPS those who do not study German will pardon a few remarks, which, to be sure, are equally applicable to any modern language. "A student, particularly a youthful student, has to be taught *how* rather than *what* to study." So we wish to know how to study our modern language.

The great object of teaching, we are told, is interest, *whatever the line of work*. No possible requirement could be harder. If we had a real, lively interest in our study, it would almost cease to be work. How can we get interested?

To begin with, is the indispensable accuracy which affords such vigorous mental training. We must get the forms of the language. From

this drudgery there is no escape, but very soon — as soon, in fact, as we take up a native author's work for a text-book, we may begin to cultivate our interest. If we do not, all our work though we read on forever is mere mechanical drudgery. "There is still the routine of translation and analysis; but the author fails to be interpreted. The very charm of his style and thought leaves no impress." We must appreciate our author to understand his language.

"To illustrate from the author's personality is invaluable in the study of literature." If our book has notes we neglect those which serve to reveal the author's personality or the characteristics of his style. We seize with feverish haste upon a note that actually translates, or one that explains grammatical construction, but one of a literary nature is scorned. To quote from an article lately published in the *Critic* on the study of German literature: "Apart from the author's personality, it is useful to trace the origin of poem or drama, under what conditions or associations it was written, and the entire history of the composition. . . . Take as a peculiarly striking example Goethe's lovely "Wanderer's Night Song." Let the student know that Goethe originally wrote it with a pencil on the wooden wall of the ducal summer house in Thuringia, when Carl August was his friend and patron; and that the poet, nearly half a century later, visited the spot once more and in the mountain solitude read the lines again, repeating the closing words as if in premonition of his own death,

"Wait; soon like these,
Thou too shalt rest."

The translation of difficult foreign literature might always be a labor, but it may and should be somewhat a labor of love.

CLASS DAY.

On the 21st of February, the exercises in commemoration of Washington's Birthday and the class day, if it may be called a class day at such an odd season, of the graduating class were held.

The weather was very agreeable and many friends of the school and its scholars were in the audience. The exercises commenced at ten o'clock. The wall back of the platform was decorated with flags and a copy of the Stuart portrait of Washington. Among the flags was the new "B. L. S." flag presented by the class of '96 to the school. The programmes were decorated with a design elaborated by H. L. Seaver, '96, introducing a portrait of Washington, behind which were the thirteen stars to symbolize his career as a statesman in uniting the thirteen colonies, and a palm of the victor representing his character as a warrior.

After a few preliminary remarks, Dr. Merrill announced the first piece on the programme, "Piano Solo, by Mr. C. J. Capen," which was received with hearty applause. Mr. Capen's performance was followed by the delivery of the class oration by C. B. Sawyer, and then there were two exquisite solos from the violin of C. S. Oakman. The medley, by G. A. Ham, was succeeded by a college song, of which the air was sung by W. K. Mitchell, and the chorus by the class of '96. After the reading of the time-honored "Farewell Address", by J. E. McGawley, a short recess intervened before the second part of the exercises.

Part second was opened by the two songs by the Glee Club. The first, "Song of Work", was one which had been previously given at a Public Declamation, and it was gratifying to note marked improvements. The part of the first tenors, which had been somewhat obscured at the former rendering, was very sweet and liquid. The second song was the amusing "Johnny Schmoker." This musical number was followed by the reading of the class poem by H. L. Seaver, after which came the class song. The air was admirably delivered by C. B. Hollings, and the class replied with the very musical chorus:

"For we are ninety-six, dear friends."

This song was the most successful part of the programme, and was received with well merited applause. Another violin solo, by C. S. Oakman, was followed by Mr. Horace E. Scudder's terse remarks about Washington. An exhibition drill in the drill hall ended the day's exercises.

MILITARY.

"Arma virum que cano."

Our public drill on the twenty-first of February was a great success. The attendance was unusually large. Both of the balconies were filled to overflowing, and many familiar faces of "old grads" were seen around the sides of the drill hall. Battalion drill came first, and then followed the best dress parade which we have had this year. There was not a break in it.

On February 21st, Col. Drake, Lieut.-Col. Rankin, Major Miller, Captains Ordway, Kelly, Staples, and Davidson attended the junior prize drill and dance of the Hyde Park High School, in Waverly Hall, Hyde Park. Many of the English High School officers were present, and their major seemed much interested in the drill, if we may judge from his applause and remarks. The brown leggings, worn by the boys who took part in the bayonet exercise, looked very natty.

All who attended the B. L. S. officers' party, on Washington's Birthday, declared it a very enjoyable affair. The out-of-town officers, especially, were pleased at the way in which they were treated, and a graduate, who was at one time chairman of the dance committee, said that it was one of the prettiest parties he had ever seen in the Latin School. Great credit is due Major Miller, the chairman of the dance committee, for the success of this dance. The music furnished by Poole's Orchestra was excellent. There were about one hundred and fifty couples present. The matrons were Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Stephenson, and Mrs. Davidson.

On February 25th, a delegation from the school committee of Providence, R. I., attended our drill to consider the advisability of introducing military drill in the public High Schools of Providence.

The team race between our battalions was very close; but where were the company team races?

The idea of sending two companies into the gymnasium to drill is a good one, and the captains are, on the whole, well pleased with it.

JUDITH HUDSON.

HENRY LATIMER SEAVER.

CHAPTER VII.

In spite of Tom's fears, however, Judith was not dead, and she lived to be taken safely to Albany that night. Tom halted his little cavalcade under the gleaming light of a street lamp before a pretentious mansion. One trooper dismounted, and while Tom, still upon his own horse, stood by the riderless animal's head, the soldier ascended the steps and struck a few ringing blows with the knocker. The sound echoed through the deserted street (for it was after midnight) and the watchman passed by, casting curious glances at the ambulance. The summons produced some stir in the house, and a faint gleam of light appeared in the hall. At the same time the woolly pate of a negro servant was seen peeping out at the window side of the door. Before the portal was unbarred, a voice issued from the crack. "Who dar?"

"It is Tom Hudson and his sister. For love of mercy, let us in,—Judith is sorely ill," interrupted our hero. "Is not Uncle Hudson there?"

"Lawd bress ye, Mas'r Tom, bring Miss Jude right in," returned the voice from within. The old servant gave orders to have the bed in the guest chamber aired and warmed, and forthwith admitted Tom, who bore Judith in his strong arms.

Uncle Hudson now appeared,—a very corpulent gentleman of brief stature but ample width, robed in an embroidered dressing-gown, which was too short and which he had considerable difficulty in making meet over his capacious bosom. His head was unadorned with the majestic wig that graced his poll by day, but in its place was a long pointed night-cap, which flopped gracefully over one shoulder. In fact, the worthy man had but a very confused idea of what all the disturbance was about. He was roughly wakened by his servant, and, hearing the clank of cavalry sabres, he had expected violence of some sort. With this vague idea of personal danger, he had armed himself with two silver mounted, handsomely wrought pistols, which were tucked

under the cord about his waist. If, indeed, the good gentleman had been called upon to draw these formidable weapons, it is doubtful if he could have extricated them from their confinement, so tightly were they held there by the adipose pressure of his body. As he stood on the stairs, blinking at the candle light, with his rakish head-gear and gorgeous cloak of piebald silks, with the weapons at his belt, he had quite the appearance of a pirate of the Spanish main.

It is a happy fact of human frailty, that, after an intense strain of sorrow or even agony, relief brings such a reverse that it is a question whether tears or laughter be the expression of this respite from suffering. So Tom, upon beholding his venerable uncle in the curious guise above detailed, was overcome with such a spasm of merriment that he almost dropped his precious burden to give vent to his laughter.

When Judith was safely transferred to her comfortable bed, and Uncle Hudson acquainted with the circumstances, Tom returned to the street, where, with short but heartfelt thanks, he dismissed his two troopers and sent them to report to General Schuyler.

That night was spent in anxious watching at his sister's bedside; but the next day Tom went in search of a surgeon to tend his sister. Almost all the followers of the medical profession were away with the struggling armies, but at the major-general's headquarters he was assured that a doctor would be sent that night.

Late in the evening a rider was heard to rein up before the door of the Hudson home, and he was soon admitted into the hall, where Tom was anxiously awaiting him. As he entered, Tom looked at him sharply. Surely, he had seen him before! He was more convinced upon hearing a familiar voice say, "This is Sergeant Hudson. I bear a communication from General Schuyler to you, sir," said the stranger, handing over the missive.

By the light of the servant's candle, Tom read the following letter:

Thomas Hudson,

1st Serg't., Co. —,

New York Volunteer Musketeers.

Sir:

I have been acquainted with your actions

since you rec'd y^r detail, from y^e messenger bearing y^e news of y^e capitulation of Ft. Ticonderoga. I have also been informed of y^e unfortunate fate of y^r sister. Y^e bearer is a skilled surgeon, who, in y^e very brief term of service under my command, has displayed marked ability in y^e profession. Permit me to recommend him to you for y^e medical direction of y^r sister's wounds.

PHILIP SCHUYLER, Major-General.

Tom examined the leech's countenance again, but still could not think where he had ever seen him. The doctor's face was that of a young man who had suffered awful and long-enduring pain. There was still life in his piercing black eyes; but his hair (for he wore no wig) was snow white. Tom tried in vain to place the doctor, and finally determined that he never could have seen him at all; but he was still doubtful.

"Well, Dr. —."

"Dr. Strong," said the physician.

"Well, Dr. Strong, would you see my sister immediately?" inquired Tom. "If you please," replied the other. "Every moment is precious."

Tom was just then called away, so he could not see the doctor tend Judith's wound; but he was struck with the neatness of the bandage, and decided, in spite of his doubts, that Dr. Strong was a master of his art.

In almost imperceptible degrees Judith's health returned, and the whole household came to reverence Dr. Strong as a wonderful practitioner, as well as a very agreeable acquaintance. His visits were so frequent and his attendance upon Judith so constant that he became as much a friend as a doctor. Above all Tom liked him, not only for his success in treating Judith's well-nigh fatal wound, but for himself, his manly qualities and his affability. Tom thought he noticed an unusual solicitude on Dr. Strong's part when he attended his sister; and so much did this feeling manifest itself that Tom began to suspect that a regard beyond that of a physician or friend had rooted in the doctor's breast.

Then Tom thought of David Jones (and his brow clouded at the thought), and he wondered if Judith could have forgotten him. From this, his practical mind went on comparing the

advantages of David and the doctor. The latter seemed so far superior to Tom's old playmate that our hero even hoped that Dr. Strong might once succeed the Lieutenant in his sister's affections, for the physician seemed to have all of David Jones's good qualities, and his temper was more moderate and subdued than the hot-headed Tory's. Tom fondly hoped that such a feeling might possess his sister's mind; but, deep in his heart, he felt it could not be. He knew that Judith still loved David, and, deeper still in his heart, he respected her for it.

When Judith recovered, Tom felt it his duty to go back to the war. He knew that he was wanted in the scenes of action for which he longed; so, one warm morning in early August, he prepared to say farewell to his sister and report at Schuyler's headquarters. Tom went up to his sister's room. The door was open, and out of the open window he could see the flowers of the garden mingling their bright hues and perfuming the summer air. Upon entering, he beheld a sight which struck him dumb.

(To be Concluded.)

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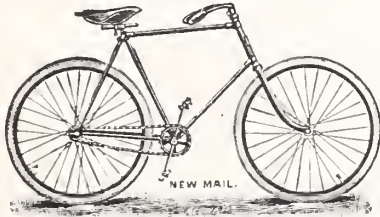
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